

The Silent Worker.

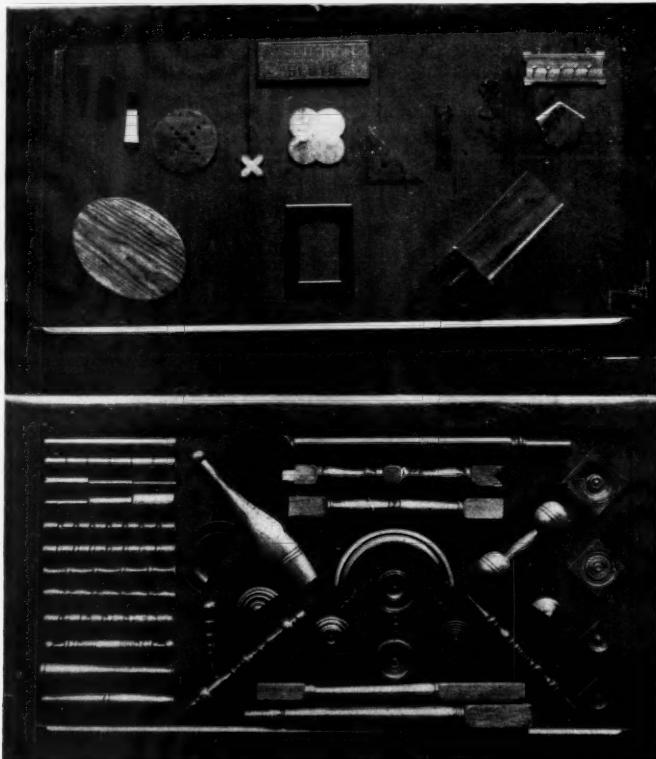
"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth." —Dionysius.

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TRENTON, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1903.

5 CENTS A COPY

WOOD-WORKING AT THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL.

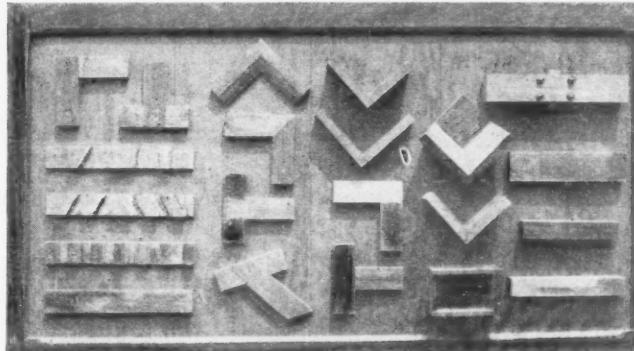


PHOTOS. BY PORTER

1. Preliminary Sloyd.

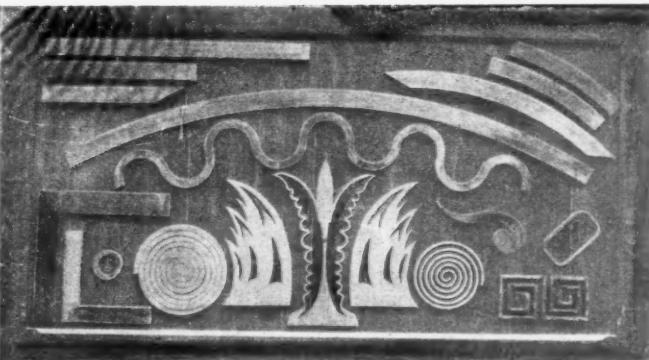
SILENT WORKER ENG.

2. Exercises in Joinery.



SILENT WORKER ENG.

4. Exercises in Scroll Sawing.



PHOTOS. BY PORTER

3. Exercises in Wood Turning

In our wood-working classes we have twenty boys, ranging in ages from ten to eighteen years.

We have apparatus, tools, machinery and material complete for teaching all wood work, including carving and turning; also complete outfitts for teaching elementary and advanced Sloyd.

The work is planned according to the age and ability of the pupil. He is never overtaxed mentally or bodily, the smaller pupil being required to spend one hour and the larger ones two hours at the bench each day, and each pupil is advanced as he develops skill. This is a strong incentive to ambitious boys.

The first lesson is in the handling and care of a knife; this is followed by exercises in whittling and elementary Sloyd, the pupil being required to make a working drawing showing all the dimensions of each model before attempting to construct it. In this way the pupil learns to apply to practical use the knowledge of arithmetic he has acquired in the school room.

The first exercises are simple, as the making of a twelve-inch ruler, a small label for the flower pot, a key tag, a pencil sharpener and so on through a course of fifteen lessons, concluding with the construction of a small clock shelf. This course occupies at least the first year—sometimes more than one year. The second year a more advanced course in Sloyd is taken up, the third year a course in joinery is given, and the fourth and fifth years are devoted mostly to practice on the lathe, scroll-saw and other machinery. The

accompanying illustrations give a fair idea of the regular lesson work. The originals of all these illustrations were made by the pupils, besides many other articles and pieces of furniture now in use about the buildings.

The remainder of the pupils' course in the industrial department is given to practical work, such as repairs to furniture, alterations, repairs and new work about the school rooms and buildings. With each lesson in drawing much attention is given to the language required in the making of the model, as the names of the tools and materials used and the uses to which they are put, as well as the arithmetic necessary, so that the pupil finds practical use for his knowledge of numbers and fractions.

As handling tools and making things appeals to most boys, the pupils show much interest in their shop work and rapidly develop in painstaking accuracy, close and quick observation, independence of thought and action, and all the qualities necessary to make skilled mechanics of them and to help them meet the bread-earning question. This interest is noticeable the moment the pupil enters the class room; each boy at once dons his apron, proceeds to his bench, examines his tools with a thorough pride in his knowledge of how to use and care for them. One observes that his plane is set too coarse, and needs adjusting which is quickly attended to, another that his chisel is dull and proceeds to sharpen it. The pupil who has a new object to construct begins by making a drawing of it, getting the dimensions of the model and reducing them to a scale of one-half or

one-quarter as may be necessary, using the drawing instruments with deftness and skill. After a correct working drawing has been made he chooses the fragments of wood or stock and goes to work, with confidence to produce the article. Each pupil knows how to select the proper kind of material and to prepare it for the work before him. All this is done quickly and orderly; strict discipline rules the work shop. This is easily maintained from the fact that the work absorbs the whole attention of the pupils. The sight is an interesting one; the chisels nips, the saw grates, the file wears away the rough surface, the sandpaper does duty in finishing; it is a beehive of industry.

The pupils do not all work on the same models at the same time, because they have not commenced at the same date, and because some are more apt than others, and advance more rapidly. The pupil is taught to make things of practical value and use to himself or others, perhaps parents or friends at home. The incentive is very great when the pupil realizes that his work is to be appreciated by some one; and it brings out the best there is in him.

When the model is finished, the pupil presents it to the teacher who examines it and if it be ill constructed the faults are pointed out and if they are irreparable the teacher carefully explains them to the boy, and then destroys the model and has him begin over again. If, on the contrary, the model is well made, and shows careful painstaking effort, the pupil is congratulated and allowed to put the model away to be taken home.

THE SILENT WORKER.



PHOTO BY PORTER

SPECIMENS OF PUPILS' WORK.

SILENT WORKER ENG

PUPILS LEARN
 Sloyd
 Joinery
 Mechanical Drawing
 Scroll Sawing
 Wood Turning
 Wood Carving
 Cabinet Making

enough to require, an effort of thought and attention that is suited to the physical and mental capacity, and calculated to train the mind, the eye and the hand, and thereby develop the skill and dexterity required of a good mechanic; so that when the boy goes out into the world to earn a living, he goes with a good practical knowledge of wood-working, instead of the use of one tool or machine, and with a skill and equipment that will enable him to adapt himself to any branch of the trade that offers him an opportunity. Almost any branch of the wood-working trade is a good occupation for the deaf. There is much demand for skilful bench hands in all of the factories and shops, at excellent wages. The work is not dangerous, unhealthy nor too hard, and there is ample opportunity for development and advancement. Many of the older boys, on returning to school after vacation, have much to tell of the work they have done and the money they earned during the summer. The great trouble we have to contend with lies in the fact that so many of the pupils are kept at home as soon as their usefulness or ability to earn money is discovered, thus failing to complete their instruction. It requires all of the school course to thoroughly teach the pupils a trade, considering the fact that only two hours each school day are given to the industrial department. In many of the schools the pupils are allowed to return for

The home is thus enriched by an object of perhaps small commercial value, but that will be appreciated as the work of the boy.

The first half of the session on Saturday is usually devoted to a general cleaning up of the shop and machinery, whetting of tools and putting things in order, after which the boys are allowed to make what they wish in the way of toys and repairs to toys, boats are made, kites are made, skates are sharpened, and money boxes are made by the score.

The natural bent of the pupil is usually ascertained in the kindergarten department, or during the manual training course which is always given before instruction in any special line of industrial work is taken up.

Trade teaching is instruction in one particular line of work in the industries. Our industrial department must be a trade school. By the apprenticeship system, besides the disadvantage of deafness, the boy is kept at all sorts of miscellaneous jobs, there is no systematic gradation in the difficulty of the exercise given him, and much of his time is spent in work entirely unsuited to his capacity.

Three, four or five years of this kind of drudgery makes of him an unintelligent, unskillful machine, and if he learns a little about his trade, he often acquires by contact with bad workmen habits of careless thought and action, which are so easily acquired and so hard to shake off, to say nothing of that which will have no good influence on his morals.

While in the school the trade is taught with method and completeness, work is planned for the pupil that is not too hard, but still difficult



PHOTO BY PORTER

SILENT WORKER ENG

THE WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT.

one or two years after graduating, to give their whole time to the industrial work. This is a good plan where it can be followed.

J. L. JOHNSON,
Instructor in Wood-working
N. J. School for the Deaf.

DENTISTRY FOR THE SCHOOLS.

The municipality of Strasburg in Germany has voted to build an \$80,000 dental hospital for school children. Every pupil in the schools is to be submitted to a dental examination on entering and twice during school time until the age of 13. The municipality has come to the conclusion that a large proportion of the ills younger people suffer are due to bad teeth and lack of proper dental attendance. For many years we have had a first-class dentist on our staff, and at the beginning of every session he thoroughly examines every pupil's mouth, extracting all teeth badly decayed and attending properly to all the other teeth that require it. Since we began this practice the health of the pupils has been much better than it formerly was, which would appear to confirm the opinion above quoted as to the effect of bad teeth on the health.—*Canadian Mute.*

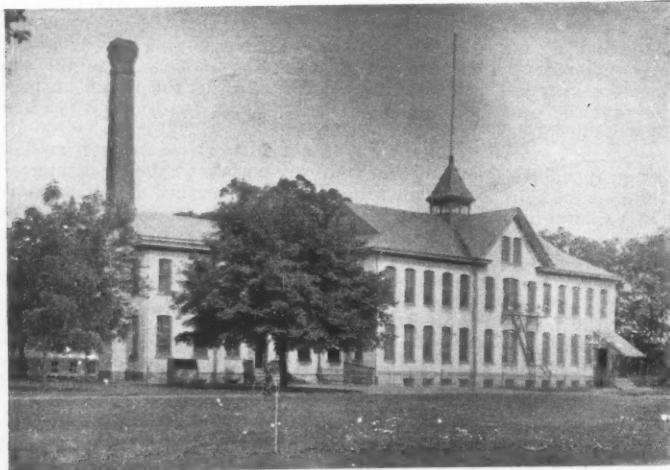


PHOTO BY PORTER

THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

SILENT WORKER ENG

INDUSTRIES
 KINDERGARTEN
 PHOTO-ENGRAVING
 PRINTING
 WOOD-WORKING
 SHOE-MAKING
 DRESS-MAKING
 MILLINERY
 EMBROIDERY

Massachusetts.

THOMAS STRINGER was born in Alleghany City, Penna., of poor parents. When his mother died and his father disappeared, he was taken so sick with spinal meningitis that he was removed to the public hospital of his native city. When illness took hold of the three year old boy, he was gifted with all the senses, but on recovery sight, speech and hearing had been forever blotted out of the young life. He lay in the hospital for months, a living, breathing mass of nerveless flesh which seemed to be destined to the fate of perpetual "isolation," but was later sent to Boston, Mass., in charge of a nurse with scarcely a thought that from a mere animal life



SILENT WORKER ENG.

THOMAS STRINGER

the little boy could be converted into a conscious and intellectual being. He was later admitted to the Jamaica Plain Kindergarten by request of the hospital trustees.

HIS FIRST YEAR IN BOSTON.

Here kindness, affection and solicitude were bountifully lavished upon him. Miss Margaret Bull, his first teacher and companion, worked indefatigably to train his mind to the appreciation of signs and objects and their relation to each other, for one year, after which she resigned. She was followed by Miss Laura A. Brown who succeeded through kindergarten work in vivifying his organic powers and unfolding his torpid intellectual faculties to an appreciable degree after her two years mentorship.

A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR.

The brilliant blind scholar is a fine specimen of physical vigor, well grown, manly in appearance, genuine in purpose and of resolute disposition. He is especially gifted with manual dexterity and when not engaged with his teacher, his time is engrossed in sloyd work of which he is passionately fond. Ingenious and naturally inventive to a wonderful degree, Thomas has demonstrated a bright future of his ability along mechanical lines and in his chosen calling as a carpenter and wants to master a self-supporting trade. He was admitted at the opening of the fall term to the Mechanic Arts High school.

Now but 17 years old, blessed with a robust constitution, an active mind and a desire to familiarize himself with the arts and crafts, he shows every promise of a brilliant career.

The life history of the phenomenal boy has been marked by a series of charitable acts done by willing and responsive friends of the blind and deaf, who have been trained according to Frelsoeb, principles of rational education, thereby

disentombing his mind from the awful sepulchre of neverending darkness and stillness.

Standing in the light of an interpreter of the universe, Miss Helen Conley has afforded a most remarkable educational success such as has been only equalled or surpassed by Helen Keller's teacher, Miss Sullivan. While Miss Keller's enlivened faculties have tended to the literary pursuits which absorb the higher education, Thomas Stringer's education keeps pace with the every-day world. He has gone from his beloved home at the Perkins Institute, where he was admitted in 1891, to the Lowell School with his devoted teacher, Miss Conley, with unfailing regularity for five years, and took part in the exercises of each day following faithfully in the established course of study. It has been the custom of Miss Conley to keep a detailed record of his life from day to day, chronicling therein every word and act which have indicated his progress mentally. Year after year he gradually but steadily has improved along the lines of his desires, but feels it his duty to plod over such studies as give but little incentive to his material mind for concentrated effort.

A STRONG WILLED BOY.

All things mechanical and electrical are sources of absorbing interest to the boy and he is never tired of delving into their mysteries. Most of his time is taken up in the reading of short text books on scientific subjects, while he follows his teacher for a fascinating story.

The rudimentary elements of electrical science are occupying his thoughts in a large measure at present and a never failing source of interest in batteries, bells and small magnets has marked his leisure hours during the past year.

Master Stringer has displayed excellent specimens of his handcraft in basketry and chair caning. Every year he spends his summer vacation with his friends, Rev. Mr. William Brown, father of his former teacher, Miss Brown, in Wrentham, Mass. He enjoys life's breeze in the country and renders himself useful to Rev. Mr. Brown in and out of doors.

I remember having read an article concerning Thomas Stringer in one of the Boston newspapers, which said that while riding on a tandem with his teacher in Bunker Hill last summer, he felt the vibrations of fire crackers and pistols at the instant of explosion.



"FREE LANCE."

A view surreptitiously taken of him by Edwin A. Hodgson, Editor of the *Deaf-Mutes Journal*, at the Nashua, N. H., meeting, September 5th, 1903. It represents the famous writer in his favorite attitude with his lance at rest while his eyes are fixed on the speaker on the platform, quick to catch and note down the important points of the address or remarks by the speaker.

A special dispatch to the Boston *Sunday Herald*, from Norwich, Conn., dated September 26, says:

Laid out on the operating table, with the doctors prepared for an appendicitis operation, a deaf and dumb Roumanian Jew named Silverman, who had been taken to the Backus Hospital last night, apparently in great agony, bolted off the table and told the astonished attendants that he had been "faking" to get a night's lodging.

A patrolman found the man lying in the gutter groaning horribly, surrounded by a crowd to whom he was explaining by signs that he was in great pain. At headquarters two police surgeons diagnosed the case as appendicitis. He was hurried to the hospital and hasty preparations were made for an operation.

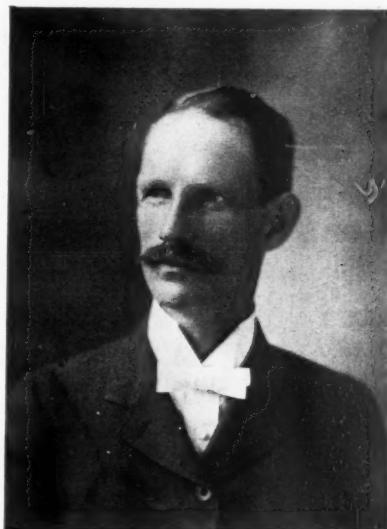
Pretending he could neither hear nor speak, he kept up the "bluff" while he was being made ready for the operation, but when one of the surgeons took out his case of knives, the Roumanian

jumped off the table and begged the nurses to call a halt in the programme. He said he had successfully worked the game in New London and other cities to obtain lodging and food. He will be held as a fraud.

J. C. PERICE.

A Deaf-Mute Poultry Man.

OUR silent friend, Mr. C. W. Stowell, Manager of the Yates Poultry Yards, situated at Silver Lake, Wyoming Co. N. Y., started several years

SILENT WORKER ENG
CHARLES W. STOWELL.

ago, in a small way, to raise poultry, while today he has one of the best equipped plants in the country, including six large poultry houses besides a brood house. This season he raised 10,000 chickens, both broilers and prize winning stock, also 10,000 eggs in the past year. He has two large incubators in which he hatches the product of 100 hens.

Mr. Stowell is a very enthusiastic breeder of high grade stock making a specialty of Silver Laced Wyandottes, White Wyandottes and Black Minorca, of which he made a fine display at the Perry, Wyoming Co. fair this fall, capturing the four first premiums for that class.

Many visitors from all points visit the farm and are met with courtesy by Mr. Stowell, who is always willing and pleased to give them what information he can, which he has gleaned from long years of practice at breeding and raising fancy stock.

Mr. Stowell is a graduate of the "Fanwood" School, and was for a number of years supervisor of the boys there after graduation. He has been twice honored by being elected Treasurer of the Empire State Association and is now one of its Trustees.

Mr. Stowell takes an active interest in the affairs of the deaf and always aids any movement which tends to further their advancement.

SILENT WORKER ENG
A CORNER OF THE POULTRY YARD.



DEAF AND DUMB, and yet a "Masher!" This is the latest combination that has struck Chicago, according to the *Chicago American*.

As to the fate of this *rara avis*, the extract below points its own moral:

A declaration of love made last evening by a deaf and dumb man in a South Chicago bakery ended in his being "thrown out" by three girls employed in the place. The man entered the bakery and, with the aid of a piece of paper and pencil, made known that he wished to buy a chocolate cake.

Miss Minnie Anderson was attending to the order when the man handed her a second note which read: "You are a pretty girl. You are as sweet as a chocolate cake."

The man did not leave the store, but stood by the counter for several minutes and then wrote another note to the girl.

"I would rather have you than all of the chocolate cakes in the world," the second note read.

This time Miss Anderson left no room for doubt as to her meaning. She wrote a note to the man which bore the one word, "Get."

The deaf-mute was taking his pencil to write a reply when three girls are said to have seized him and thrown him into the street.

Under the caption of "Will teach deaf-mutes French," the *Chicago Chronicle*, of Sept. 26, contained the following, which owing to its novel, if not "forlorn hope" aspects, I present entire:

Rene Doumier of Llyons, France, has come to Chicago with the purpose of teaching the deaf and dumb persons of the city the French language.

"The French language is the official language of polite society," began Mr. Doumier yesterday in explaining his plans. He talked, of course, on his hands, for he himself is a mute. "You see there are many rich men and women in Chicago that neither speak nor hear. It is a hardship, of course. And it robs them of one of the most elevating forms of amusement—that of attending polite social functions.

"You see there can be no exclusive society among these men and women. Every vulgarian mute that comes along can talk the English language on his fingers. He can 'butt in,' as you Americans say, and there can be no secrets. For a mute cannot speak in a low voice like the more fortunate and there can be no conversations back of the fan, because there is no one to hold the fan, — all the hands being engaged.

FRENCH FOR THE EXCLUSIVE.

"Hence my plan to teach the mutes the French language. Of course not many could learn it because there are so many more movements in the alphabet and it is so difficult it would require a long time and much money. You know the French language is difficult, do you not? Well, it is. Even the Frenchman who talk with his mouth uses many gestures. He uses both his mouth and his hands. And a mute must learn to gesticulate and talk at the same time with the same hands. It is difficult, indeed. But I would not stop there."

"No?"

"No. I would teach them to produce farces and dramas. Of course I could not teach light opera, not very well, at any rate. We would have to confine ourselves to plays without music, vocal music, at any rate. But an actor talking with his hands could do very well."

PLANS HAND-TALK PLAYS.

"Of course he would not have any tricks of the voice and he could use no vocal shading. Tragedy would probably have to be 'cut out,' as you Americans say, but he could get along very well otherwise. There's no reason why he should not be able to have as much expression on his face as any other actor. And then you see the advantage of having the plays in French, do you not?"

"No? Why, the common herd would be shut out again. The man who could only talk Swedish on his hands would think the leading man was a member of the signal corps when he saw him reciting something that would be funny enough to make a dog laugh."

"When will you present these plays?"

"I don't know. I leave to night for St. Louis, where I expect to start a class, and if I am successful I will return to Chicago and keep them both going."

As far as I know no one among the local deaf had the pleasure of meeting M. Doumier. St. Louis is to be felicitated upon securing first chance. But then, St. Louis is the natural mecca these days.

THE SILENT WORKER.

Marion Harland's department in the *Chicago Daily News* recently contained the following "query":

Some of us would like to know what is the most profitable employment that is acceptable to deaf-mutes. Like many others, the deaf-mutes earn their own livelihood or help to support their families. I am a deaf young man with a trade I have followed for nearly ten years. The trade is now on the wane, because of great improvements by machines that were never dreamed of. I have to look for something else for the rest of my life. I am discouraged because of my affliction. It meets with an objection everywhere.

Deafness, as I have seen many times, is a bad job and has its trials, especially for the beginners in this busy world, though many of them may be workingmen of experience. A majority of the unfortunate have overcome the obstacles that are found in every line of business where public conversation is not necessary. Their accomplishments are remarkable. Their success, of course, depends upon the cultivation of the mind. But a great problem for the deaf beginners is to govern what mind they have for the most lucrative calling. This is not the case with many people of the class who in their early years were put up for the struggle of life at school where they took regular lessons. They learned to be carpenters, tailors, printers, artists and some others. When they were old enough to leave school they pursued the ways they learned for their livelihood. I was one of them. But as years rolled by I am a man without a trade. Unless there is some good prospect for me I would find myself in embarrassments. Now, what is the best avocation you would advise me to try? For example, among hearing workingmen glassblowers pose themselves as 'autocrats of the trade.' Their places are being taken by machines, however, by degrees. Your kindness in solving this problem will be greatly appreciated by many others suffering the same fate as mine. A DEAF-MUTE.

Mrs. Harland's reply follows:

I appreciate the difficulty under which you are laboring and I wish I could make some suggestion that would be of value to you. The best I can do is to advise you to write to some one of the prominent institutes where deaf-mutes are taught and ask advice. The managers of such places keep constantly in touch with these matters and they can tell far better than a mere outsider of the advances that have been made in the work to be done by deaf-mutes. I am sure they would be willing to counsel you and they have the ability which I lack.

Years ago I knew a family of several brothers, one of whom was blind. He was a matriarch and was the only one of his family who ever attained business success and secured a competency. This he did in spite of his infirmity—which was much more severe than under which you suffer. Do not be disengaged. Many men in full possession of every faculty have severe setbacks in business and yet come out well in the end. Try the course I suggest and see if some good course does not open before you.

The author of the "query" is supposed to be a former printer and teacher of the deaf—in fact there were two parties in town at the time (one a college graduate) of whom the authorship was "suspicioned."

It would seem there are a good many other queries allowable in such event—chief among them, "does higher education pay?"

C. W. Lawrence, Recording Secretary; F. E. Ryan, Financial Secretary; G. H. Carter, Treasurer.

I have noticed the *West Virginia Tablet* thinks there is work for a board of arbitration here in Chicago to adjust the differences between Miss McCowen, the principal of the day schools, and the Pas-a-Pas club in their dispute as to methods to be employed in the schools.

The *Tablet* seems to be the only party informed as I take the opportunity to state that the dispute was in a way "arbitrated" long ago by the school board ordering Miss McCowen to leave the choice of methods with the parents of the children with, as I understand, her continuance in her office conditioned upon her observance of this order.

While the club did not give exactly the point it was striving for, the adoption of the combined system in the schools, still such an order as that of the board was at least half the battle. The club's committee has not been discharged and will continue to keep its composite eye on the schools.

Elmer Hannan of Washington, D. C. and Roy

Carpenter of Flint, Michigan, are both again enrolled among the class in sculpture at the Chicago Art Institution this fall.

Mr. Carpenter has just had his bas relief of the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, cast in bronze at Grand Crossing and is devoting his spare time to planning other orders.

Mr. Haunen returned, accompanied by a Mrs. Elmer Hannan, who was formerly Miss Helen Price of Washington. They have secured apartments on the south side and will make a pleasing and welcome addition to our social circle, as they are intending to remain for several months.

Charles Reed, of Menasha, and Miss Hypatia Boyd, of Milwaukee, Wis., were married at the home of the bride, October 8th. They passed through Chicago on their wedding trips enroute to their future home in Menasha, where Mr. Reed is postmaster. Mrs. Reed will be remembered as a contributor to the *SILENT WORKER* and other papers both under her own name and the nom de plume of "Pat."

Gallaudet Day, December 10th, bids fair to be celebrated in this city with considerable *éclat* this year, the Pas-a-Pas club and the Chicago Division of the F. S. D. consolidating for the occasion in their observance of the day. It is probable that a banquet will be the chief feature, arrangements having been taken to the effect.

The membership list of the Pas-a-Pas club is a good indicator of the condition of its members as regards their being employed and the recent reducing of the force of deaf workmen at the Automatic Electric works from near 125 to the present force of about one-fifth that number, it was supposed would effect the club in the same ratio.

The club roll dropped from 135 (its highwater mark) to 75 in four months; but while this effect was due to natural causes it is being quite the thing these days to attempt the account for the sudden drop at the Automatic Electric works. To an unbiased observer it would seem that the deaf employees made the mistake of their lives in going on strike last spring when they were enjoying prosperity's high tide, and apparently had no visible grievance that could not have been adjusted by an appeal to the firm.

Who was it who lately stated the deaf are easily led? He evidently knew what he was talking about, for this was a case of leading with a vengeance to judge by the results of this ill-advised move of these employees of the Electric works.

It is claimed by some that the reduction in force is simply a temporary "lay off," but the fact that the majority of the hearing workmen are still at their benches and that the deaf workmen are being refused work in the same line at other factories causes one to believe the historic scapegoat and monkey-eat's-paw stories are again in demand for illustration. And they are all union men, too!

The clipping that follows is from the *Chicago Chronicle* of September 16, and is taken from an article headed "Orphans Romp at the Circus"—it being an account of Barnum and Bailey's free performance tendered the *Charitable* institutions for children in this city:

The list of institutions and the number of children present from each was as follows:

St. Joseph's Orphan asylum.....	369
Central Baptist orphanage.....	50
Home for Jewish Orphans.....	210
Home for Friendless.....	110
Harry Booth House of Society for Ethical Culture.....	50
School for Crippled Children.....	145
Rev. T. F. File's Home.....	10
Raymond Champlin Home for Boys.....	80
Danish Lutheran Asylum.....	264
St. Mary's Training School.....	220
Illinois Children's Home and Aid society.....	36
St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.....	70
Cook County Poor House.....	24
Dr. J. L. Reilly's Home.....	164
Uhlrich Orphan Asylum.....	134
Ephipheta Deaf Mute School.....	70
McCown Oral School.....	26
Total.....	2,077

Vide the last two.

Considering the efforts being made by the deaf to take their schools and themselves from the charity-asylum class it is surprising to see a private school which charges tuition fees, like the McCowen, in this list, although it is usually to be found on the list of beneficiaries of almost every charity ball given in Chicago. The McCowen alumni, if there are any, have something worth their attending to. Then, again, there's the Ephphata-Catholic school. I doubt that the church, rich as it is, wishes such an educational institution classed among the charities—or "orphans."

I am glad all these children had such a good time, of course, but to my mind these two schools were "out of bounds" in being included in "those present"—not at such an affair but at such a time.

Last July the Grand Division of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf held its convention in Chicago. The sessions were held in the rooms of the Pas-a-Pas club and took up the best part of three days. Delegates from Michigan and Illinois made up the convention and a good deal of important business was transacted. Opportunity was thus afforded for Chicago members to get acquainted with their Michigan brothers and that the result was satisfactory none can gainsay, for a more intelligent, jovial lot of young men—hustlers, too, every one of them—would be hard to find.

The election of officers for the next two years was, of course, the most important and closing part of the convention—although changing and inserting new laws in the constitution and by-laws of the organization was no minor part of the convention's work—and the result gave Illinois and Michigan about equal representation on the Board of Directors. It must be remembered that it is these two states the society gets most of its members from and consequently the offices went accordingly. Here's the list of grand officers:

F. P. Gibson, president; F. O. Romage, Vice president; S. E. Brownrigg, second Vice president; A. J. Waterman, corresponding secretary

There have been a good many enquiries as to what the Society really is and a great deal of speculation besides. The headquarters of the home office is at 338 E. 63d street, Chicago, and all enquiries will be gladly answered. It is my wish to more fully outline the objects, etc., of the organization, but with the limited space I have in this column, consider the above address will have to suffice for the time being.

F. P. GIBSON.

DEAF-MUTES MAKE A NOISE.

An extraordinary occurrence took place a few days ago at Gretiel, near St. Maur, France. Some 300 deaf-mutes were taken in chars-a-banes to spend a happy day in the fields near Chambigny. Games were indulged in all the afternoon, and dinner was partaken of, picnic fashion, in the evening. All went merry, but not so noisy, as a marriage bell until a part of the return journey was accomplished. Then at a little after midnight the driver of the first vehicle mistook the way, and in a few minutes all the seven chars-a-banes were floundering, so to speak, in an oat field. Then followed a scene hardly possible to imagine. Women screaming, children crying, men making every possible articulate noise in their power, and yet not a word spoken except by the drivers, but they did their share in the conversation, until the villagers, aroused from their slumber by the hubbub, arrived in summary attire, some with lanterns, some with torches, and some with revolvers, for as no one could see a yard ahead, no one could tell what was the matter. However, it was not long before the high road was found again, and Paris was reached about 2 o'clock. The field of oats was offered for sale for 40 francs, but no purchaser could be found.—*Paris Daily Messenger.*

At Liege, Belgium, a number of deaf-mutes have set up a printing office, and are issuing a newspaper for the deaf.

Typical Children of Deaf Parents.



SILENT WORKER ENG.

AMIEE LEFFERSON COOK.

Born October 4, 1901; Photograph taken September, 1903.

The parents live in Asbury Park, N. J., and were both pupils of the New Jersey School. The little girl is certainly a most beautiful child.

Funeral Of Mr. and Mrs. Cook's Only Child.

The funeral of Little Willie Cook, on May 27, in Los Angeles, Cal., was pathetic and interesting. His parents are both deaf-mutes and as an expression of sympathy and great sorrow for them, many deaf mutes in the city were present at St. Lukes church on Central avenue at 2 o'clock. The church was crowded and the beautiful Episcopal services for the dead were read by two clergymen for the hearing people, Mr. Armstrong interpreting for the deaf. The beautiful white casket containing the remains reposed on a bank of flowers at the altar. Mrs. Dahl signed "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and other hymns. The Funeral car of the Los Angeles Electric Rail-



PHOTO BY MC ILVAINE

SILENT WORKER ENG.

RUTH JESSIE ANDERSON.

The six-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Walfrid Anderson. The father is foreman in the printing department of the Kansas School for the Deaf. The photograph was taken in his office by one of the Supervisors of the school.

crossing the street on his way home from school, and it was filled with friends, Sunday school mates, schoolmates and classmates and teachers and one principal of the deceased. It went through the city to Rosedale Cemetery where the services at the grave took place, being also interpreted in the sign-language for the deaf. Willie Cook was an only child, and he was remarkably bright with all his faculties perfect. Rev. W. H. Doggett and Messrs. Windsor and T. Widd, the last named, the lay reader to the Deaf, rendered all assistance they could on this sad occasion. The Parents are members of the Misson to the Deaf at St. Paul's Protestant Cathedral and Mrs. Cook is member of St. Luke's Church and desire to tender their grateful thanks to all who assisted them and furnished the flowers.

Poor Willie did not seem to know another car was coming. He stepped right in front of the car. Oh, it is terrible. The Mother's grief was pitiful.

THOMAS WIDD.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'd a dream to-night
When I fell asleep;
And the touching sight
Leaves me yet to weep
Of my little lad—
He had left me sad
O! the child I had—
He, not mine, to keep.

And in Heaven high
I my child did seek
There in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a shining light
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then all wan and sad
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had
O! it did not burn.
He to clear my doubt
Moaned, half turned about:
"Your tears have put it out—
Mother, nevermore."

MRS. S. A. C.



SILENT WORKER ENG.

WILLIE COOK.

way company was furnished free of charge, as poor little Willie was killed on that line while

The deaf of Germany mourn the death of Von Levetzow a former president of the Reichsarth, who until his end evinced a keen interest in their welfare. The institutions at Wriezen and Guben owe their establishment to Von Levetzow's efforts.—*Wis. Times.*

THE SILENT WORKER.

AND NEW YORK NOTES
EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

I had to come!

The kindly criticism of Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, is now looked for after each meeting of the Empire State Association. Some people misguided no doubt, attend the meetings each year without paying dues—others pay dues and do not attend. Still others attend, pay dues, do the work and these are the ones on whom Mr. Reynolds' terrible wrath falls.

Mr. Reynolds is not in any of the above classes. He contributes not a farthing; never attends; shows no interest until its all over, then looks for weak spots on which he trains his guns.

Sometimes he trains his guns on spots not so weak and the "kick" of the weapon recoils on Mr. Reynolds.

In his painful effort at punching holes in the Rochester meeting Mr. Reynolds speaks discourteously, untruthfully, sarcastically, and I fear, revengefully—(though I do not know how it is possible to have a grievance) against Reverend C. Orvis Dantzer.

Mr. Dantzer is one of the very best deaf men who have taken up the ministry. He has a most lovable personality. He makes no pretensions to being above his fellow men. He does his work in such a way as to win encomiums from his clerical superiors as well as his lay equals. As a husband and father his life is a model one and he should be the last man in the world to be made a target of. It will cost him nothing for it will make him more loved "for the enemies he has made."

But Mr. Dantzer spoke nothing but the truth at Rochester. He uttered no word that would lower his dignity as a preacher nor his standing as a man.

He had his audience with him throughout. What came before from others prepared the audience for what he said. What followed after, corroborated his every statement.

All the remarks were based on statements concerning the present management of the Home, based on printed statements concerning it, on the authority of the *Deaf Mutes' Journal* whose editor is a trustee and member of the standing committee of the Home who certainly know what he is talking about, and who would be the last in the world to make a statement derogatory to it.

One grievance was the requirement that a payment of two hundred and fifty dollars was a prerequisite to the admission of a deaf-mute seeker for "Home" benefits. The late Dr. Gallaudet in reply to a severe arraignment of the Home management at the Empire State Convention held in Buffalo in 1901, by the then President, Prof. Thos. F. Fox, told the association that while there was such a rule, the Trustees usually found a way.

This satisfied all with the Founder living for he was, in his lifetime the actual head of the Home—his wishes were law and his confreres had unlimited confidence.

But with the good old Doctor laid away to his long rest, the deaf want rules that are at least reasonable, and at most within the bounds of possibility.

The great majority of the deaf haven't the means of raising two hundred and fifty dollars when in good health and perfect manhood. How can it be expected that the Aged, Infirm and Impoverished can avail themselves of the amount?

Mr. Dantzer told how his collections for the Home were narrowed, impeded, restricted and in some cases cut off altogether by this objectionable clause.

The Home—projected, executed by Dr. Gallaudet, aided by hundreds of the Deaf, helped very materially by many wealthy people who saw in it a splendid object of their beneficence, is to-day managed, almost entirely by a "Board of Lady Managers," who with two or three exceptions know almost nothing of the deaf as a class and

who are simply society women of means who have the time and the inclination to do "charitable work."

Just how far their influence goes may be judged by the fact that they make the rules for the guidance of the inmates and that the dedication of the Home last June was entirely in their hands and on their program the great body of the deaf were entirely ignored.

There are no deaf women on this Board, though there are here in New York over a score of deaf women of culture, refinement and education who, at fairs, entertainments, and the like, have worked hard for years to further the interests of the Home.

And every deaf man, and every deaf woman cognizant of this state of affairs, disapproves of it and protests against it—except—

Mr. George L. Reynolds.

And Mr. George L. Reynolds protests not, though he is a man of unusual attainments. He doesn't like the Empire State Association and fights it at long range, and practically from ambush, which isn't civilized warfare and for that reason he protested not.

Others too have differed with the Empire State Association, but they went before the members at its meetings and criticized openly, honestly and without bias and were not kicked off the platform as a result.

Mr. Reynolds will be given credit for sincerity if he will bring himself and his grievances to a meeting of the Association.

Personally I have had nothing but good treatment and kind words (as an official) at Mr. Reynolds' hands, and my remarks are simply in the interests of justice. I am not now and never have been, a member of the "I tickle-you-and-you-tickle-me-Fraternity", and only commend where I can honestly do so and have no hesitation in condemning where condemnation is justified.

This has resulted in my being "set-down" in times past, but the "set-down" didn't hurt. Times is a great ameliorator and if one waits long enough things are usually adjusted if the proper effort is expended.

The League of Elect Surds gave a Summer night's outing last August that was a large success despite the fact that it was given on a Monday night—the worst in the week for that kind of a "picnic."

One of the members of the League offered to get up a program of the affair at his own expense provided he was allowed to get advertisements for it.

The advertisers were all business men who already enjoy some patronage from the deaf. Its circulation was not misrepresented. It wasn't paraded as a charity. There were no "From a Friend" adv. spaces. It was of the most unobjectionable type of Souvenir Journals.

As these have been got out in the past they were frauds and humbugs; did the advertiser no good and the deaf much harm.

Mr. Capelli (who got up the League's Journal) conducted it on right lines, made no profit on it and made it impossible to reflect on him or his enterprise, and therefore has brought "Souvenir Journals" out of the mire of odium—in the past at least.

[Explanation made at the request of and in deference to Mr. George Lucas Reynolds.]

NEW YORK.

There is a lively winter season in store for New Yorkers. Besides the weekly gatherings at the social clubs connected with St. Francis Xavier's, St. Ann's, and the Madison Ave. Presbyterian congregations, the annual reception of the Union League will be given at Terrace Garden on Saturday eve., December 19th, with professional and amateur thespians in the dramatic part of the show. Seymour A. Gamprecht is chairman of the committee.

On Oct. 17th, the Hollywood Club of Yonkers, who have taken somebody's advice to "Get the Habit" are coming down from Yonkers to give another entertainment for the Benefit of the Gallaudet Home. The Committee are Messrs. Buermann of Yonkers—the head and front of this Yonkers club, Mr. John H. Keiser of New York, who is going to be one of the most popular and energetic deaf men who ever entered the Ministry and Mr. Murray Campbell, of Mount Vernon,

a modern Beau Brummell and Chesterfield rolled into one.

The Brooklyn Club announces a reception for October 31st., at Ehler's Fulton Palace,

"FIVE MINUTES WALK FROM THE BRIDGE."

Though Messrs. Shea, Jackson and O'Grady are named as the committee, I'll venture that the credit of bringing about this move is due to Sir Peter Reddington and myself. The Brooklyn club ought to have a good attendance now that they do not require a trip out toward Rockaway. This same organization announces their annual *Bal Masque* for Saturday, January 30th, at New Liederkrantz Hall.

The League of Elect Surds will have its annual "show" and reception but the details have not, as yet been announced. It's Fall quarterly meeting was held October 10th, and the reports read by its different department heads show it to be in exceptionally good condition.

The Treasurer has nearly half a thousand dollars in its Sick, Benefit and General Funds.

The club rooms are receiving new furniture and a dicker is on that may result in their securing another room adjoining their present lounging room.

The Grand Council, when engaged in degree work, wear black silk robes made after the pattern used by Supreme Court judges, the hoods being lined with purple satin to match the aprons of the 3rd or Companion Degree. Other additions and improvements in paraphernalia, being part of the secret ritual cannot be published.

The League's St. Louis Fund is growing and this at the expense of the members only.

The New Jersey Society gives an apron and Necktie Social at 755 Broad Street, Newark on November 7th, the proceeds of which go to their Benefit Fund. Patrons pay 50 cents admission for Lady and Gentleman and the "Lady" furnishes an apron and necktie. The announcement is made also that "Refreshments are Free."

There will be other entertainments announced later, and the Basket-Ball games Saturday nights with all these other attractions makes New York a good place for deaf people to live in.

ALEX. L. PACH.

Official Notice.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf has decided unanimously to invite the deaf of other countries to attend an International Congress, to be held under the auspices of the National Association of the Deaf, sometime during the Exposition at St. Louis next year. The exact date for the Congress and the Association will be decided and announced in due time.

The Local Committee is already at work making plans for the reception and entertainment of the visiting delegates.

In accordance with the constitution of the N. A. D., I have appointed Mr. Thomas F. Fox, Station M, New York city, and Mr. George W. Veditz, Colorado Springs, Colo., to serve with me as a committee to prepare a program for the meeting. We shall be pleased to receive suggestions relative to the make-up of the program and to other matters that come within our province.

J. L. SMITH, President N. A. D.
FARIBAULT, Minn., September 25, 1903.

A SEPTEMBER TRAGEDY.

Small boy—county fair.
Dollar bill—all there
Man with lemonade—
Ninety cents when he's paid.
Wheel o' Fortune next door—
Calls for twenty more.
Candy stand sweet and fair—
Ten pennies stop there.
Shooting gallery can't be passed—
Three for ten, they asked—
Nine shots suffice, hence—
Just escapes with thirty cents.
Ice cream's lovely stuff,
Two plates aren't enough—
Boy counts cost in time,
Breaks away clutching dime.
But the next stand's the peanut man's—
Last dime changes hands.
Peanuts eaten—boy sighs.
Salt tears fill eyes.
Not a red cent left—not one!
And the darned old day's just begun !

Gallaudet College,

WASHINGTON, D. C.



NOTHER year of work has rolled around, the dust has been brushed away once more, and sunburnt faces are applying themselves to their books. College opened on Wednesday, September 16th, for the fortieth time. Most of the students came promptly on opening day and at the present writing all but one or two have arrived. The new Introductory class is rather large, it being composed of twenty-one young men and twelve young ladies. The entire enrollment including Normals is one hundred and two. This is only about an average, and leaves quarters in a roomy condition.

It was hoped that the new boiler house with the laundry, and the new double house for Prof. Hall and Prof. Day would be completed. Owing to bad weather and to scarcity of laborers this could not be accomplished. The boiler house will not be put in operation until a new appropriation can be received, but the laundry was ready for the first washing. The building is situated in the lot east of the gymnasium, and stands between the barn and the laboratory.

The new house is going to be a very handsome structure with all modern conveniences. It is now under roof and very likely it will be ready for occupancy by Christmas or before. It occupies a position between the farm house and the gymnasium, on the west side of the lane. Until it is completed Prof. and Mrs. Day will board with Mr. Dennison. Prof. and Mrs. Hall are still quartered opposite the gate on Florida avenue.

The football enthusiasts began work the day following opening day and the team seems to have a bright prospect. Although it is much lighter than any we have ever had, it is very speedy and after a few more games its full strength will be developed. The absence of Escherich and McDonough, two of last years fast players, is keenly felt. In all, eight of the team are new men, and time alone is needed. The average weight is not above 145 pounds, but the manner in which some of the players get away compensates for this. The entire relay team that won first honors at Philadelphia last spring is on the eleven and from this the dexterity of the team can be judged. All that they now need is a little coaching.

The opening game was played with Lafayette College at Easton, Pa., on September 26th. The men had then only been in practice for a week, but despite this they played a plucky game. Lafayette's team outweighed our men by at least twenty pounds to the individual. The new rules seem to be more of an advantage than a hinderance and the rule allowing the quarterback to run with the ball was utilized with advantage. The final score was 36 to twenty-four of the points being made during the first half.

The first game on the home grounds was played with the aggregation from Western Maryland College on the 3rd. This was a clean and interesting game, except that the umpire, who was one of their college officials, was a little too interested. One style of play, the tackle-back formation, was used exclusively throughout the game and Gallaudet's men could not break up these assaults on her line. Our men appeared to be in a much better condition, and made the longest runs. Quarter-back Phelps twice ran with the ball gaining first twenty yards and then thirty. Within nine minutes after the ball was put in motion the first and only touchdown of the game was made by Western Maryland. In the second half our men braced up and kept their goal out of reach until time was called. The men worked individually, and tackled most too high, which was their greatest weakness.

Some changes in the personnel of the Board of the *Buff and Blue*, were necessary owing to the resignation of Miss Katherine Schwartz, who was

to be Associate editor. Miss Schwartz will not return to college, but will enter the Wright Oral School in New York city. Miss Helen Fish, '05, was appointed to fill the vacancy and Mr. E. M. Rowse, '06, was chosen Exchange editor in Miss Fish's place. Mr. Bert Forse, '06, was elected Local editor. The October number is expected to be ready for distribution by the 20th.

Through the kindness of Dr. Gallaudet a new job printing press has just been installed in the printing office. The old press had been in use for the past twelve years and was considered rather a back number. Henceforth, all job work for the college will be done by the printing office force, instead of sending it up town as hitherto.

This year we have a Normal student from the Orient. The Korean government has recently decided to establish a school for the deaf in that country, and Mr. Yun Chung Kim, Private Secretary to the Korean legation is observing the American method. Mr. Kim has been in this country for the past four years and can use English quite well. Mr. Chiyu Han, an attache of the legation, is also observing in the Kendall school, although he does not remain at the college.

At the opening of college an important measure was adopted by the students. Henceforth, the sale of chocolate and other sweet meats will not be allowed. The idea was never a very good one, and it was a positive temptation to the students when they felt in the least hungry. But the worst part of the business was that credit was allowed, thus young minds acquired habits that would surely ruin them financially, when it comes time for them to earn their own corned beef and cabbage. The G. C. A. A. was benefited a little, but the results were such as to call forth the concerted action of the student body.

During vacation the old wooden floor that surrounded the swimming pool in the gymnasium was removed with all the dressing compartments.

A new floor of cement has been put in, and now the students can splash water to their hearts content.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, '04, is at present in charge of the Kendall school boys. At the close of the football season Mr. Ernest Mather, '04, will take his place.

Miss Helen Fay, daughter of Dr. Fay, is a Normal student this year.

The co-eds are especially elated just now, owing to the prospect of getting a new dirt Tennis court in the future.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

Oct. 5, 1903.

REED-BOYD NUPTIALS.

The marriage of Miss Hypatia Boyd to Mr. Charles Reed of Menasha, occurred Wednesday morning, Oct. 7th, at the home of the bride's parents, 1046 National Avenue, Milwaukee. The marriage service was performed by Rev. T. Wagnerian of Emanuel congregation of deaf-mutes.

Miss Boyd is not only well known in her home city but also throughout the state and the United States, by reason of her writings for the press and her educational work.

Mr. Reed is a son of Curtis Reed formerly postmaster of Menasha, and is employed in the post-office there as assistant postmaster. Ex-Gov. Harrison Reed of Florida, is an uncle of the groom and Ex-Senator John L. Mitchell is his cousin. The Reed family is one of the oldest and most highly respected in Menasha.

From a recent issue of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* we take the following concerning the bride.

Miss Boyd is well known in this city on account of the progress she has made in education in spite of disadvantages. She was one of the pupils educated by the late Paul Binner by the oral method and soon after his death she wrote an appreciative biography of that noted Milwaukee instructor. Miss Boyd attended the south divi-

sion high school and the University of Wisconsin. Last year she was an instructor in the state school for the deaf at Delavan. In addition to the Binner biography, Miss Boyd has written for the newspapers and for publications devoted to the education of the deaf and dumb.

SUMMER'S AFTERMATH.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest of men."

The women lie them home,
Fair summer's o'er,
And as of yore
From lake and sea
And mountains free
Behold ! they gaily come.

There rolls a hack—a dusty fly—
With trunks and bags
Piled each sky high,
While some have e'en brought into play
That far-famed team—
"The one-hoss shay."

Now "clear the decks,"
You woman-kind
All summer-bachelor joys soon checks,
No longer you I are free
To sleep till ten—
Come home at three.

Here's "Mrs. Brown" of vast renown,
Who's spent her summer "out of town,"
While "John" stayed home to boss the cook,
And see that Jane was "brought to book"—
To see the house in order (?) kept—
That parlor, porch and hall were swept.

And "Mrs. Jones," to friends endeared,
Whose portly form a lack I appeared
Like some poor ship-wrecked cask at sea
As she bathed in Old Ocean wild and free,
From the breaking hack she ambles down
Glad to be back again in town.

And "Mrs. Smith," who from sea to sea
"Has a countless, numberless progeny,
Puffs, as she pays the hired fly,
"I'll travel again in the bye and bye,"
But she weeps as she sees the hovoc wrought
And deems her "outing" dearly bought !

For each, as they enter their creaking doors,
Sigh as they glance at the dusty rooms,
At cobweb corners, unswept floors,
At disused brushes, mops and brooms,
O'er each face creep a darkening frown
And a murmur, "Would I could winter out of town !"

"John's" boots adorn a gilded chair,
"Dick's" pipe is perched on a statue rare,
And o'er piano, "shelf and floor
Are scattered "Tom's" pipes, and ashes, galore.
And the rooms have a beery, beery air
That saddens and maddens one every where.

"Mrs. Jones" weeps and heaves a sigh
"I never again to the lakes will fly."
"Mrs. Smith" faints and wildly raves—
"Would I had sunk in the wild sea waves."
"Mrs. Brown" wows, as she sinks in a chair,
"I'll never more hic to the mountains fair,"
But when next summer is robed in green,
They'll do it all over again, I ween !

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

LANCASTER, PA.

DEATH OF JOSEPH YOTHERS.

Joseph Yothers, one of the most highly respected deaf-mutes in Pennsylvania, died at his home in New Hope, Pa., on Sunday morning, Sept. 27th, after two weeks' illness.

The services were held at his late residence on Tuesday afternoon following, at 2 o'clock conducted by the Rev. Herbert S. Smith, rector of the St. Andrew's P. E. Church, Lambertville, N. J., of which Mr. Yothers was a member for years. Interment was made at the Solebury (Pa.) burying grounds.

Messrs. Harry F. Pidcock, Robert Heller, Henry Heller and Albert Horn, all of Lambertville, acted as bearers.

Mr. Yothers was 84 years and 7 days old. He was a graduate of the deaf-mute institution at Pine and Broad streets in Philadelphia. He was unable to attend the church for several months on account of his weakness, so he remained at home until the end of his life.



The Silent Worker.

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

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GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

In the Midst of Death. THE past summer has been a most prolific one in disaster to the deaf. The Illinois School alone lost three of its children, by accidents; two on the railroad and one by the accidental discharge of a gun.

A Canadian Home. THE Province of Quebec, Canada, not to be behind any of its sisters over the border, has taken the initial steps looking towards the founding of a home for its aged and infirm, blind and deaf. A board of management has been chosen with Mr. S. Beinger, at its head, and articles of incorporation will at once be asked for. We never could see any reason for the association of the blind and deaf in either a school or a home. They have absolutely nothing in common. But any sort of a home is better than none, and we will hope that from this beginning there will be evolved, in time, two homes, one for each of these most deserving classes.

Timely. MR. LEVI SEELEY, of the State Schools, makes a notable contribution to the literature bearing upon modern education, in his "New School Management." It is as full of thought as an egg is of meat, and no one can study its pages without receiving a lot in the way of valuable suggestion for the school room. Withal the work is most interesting and readable, and should not only be added to the working library of every teacher, but should be among the *vade mecum*s of every progressive student, as well.

Full to the Doors. SCARCE a half dozen of our old pupils will fail to return to us this fall and to the long list that remains there will be added in all about twenty-five names. The in-coming section varies in quality from year to year, and sometimes appears to fall much below the average. This year brings to us a class exceptionally bright and handsome, and one, the largest in the history of the school. Every bed in the dormitories and every seat in the dining-room is now occupied,

THE SILENT WORKER.

and we have never before felt so much the need of other buildings for our work. With our present enrollment, in order to have sufficient air-space and proper conveniences at least double the room should be had, and it will be simply impossible now to increase our number under existing conditions.

A Good Fairy. IF the greatest pleasure in life is to make a child happy, how great today, must be the delight of Hahne & Co., of Newark; for they have made a hundred and fifty children most happy. Our lawns and play-rooms have been for some time, most generously endowed with toys, games, and amusements; but a swing, such as we have just received from our sister city up the state, was something quite too elegant for our purses, something that only had a place in that Arcady we had built in the "away beyond." The month has brought to us though, a beauty, large enough to hold four "grown ups" or six "babies," and it is, at writing the bright particular spot on the place. It holds a position on the back piazza where it may be enjoyed, "rain or shine," and during all play hours there is an anxious expectant throng awaiting their turn. Hahne & Co. have made us the gift as a token of their esteem for our little friend Roy Parsons who is one of our bright little new comers.

The Co-ed. THE convention of the National Educational Association which has recently finished its sessions in Boston expounded the literature of educational endeavor by copious contributions dealing with a wide range of subjects. The convention listened to a number of distinguished authorities, most of whose essays and speeches were of unusual interest. There was little in the way of debate until the closing day when President G. Stanley Hall's attack on the co-education of boys and girls in high schools—such was the specific object of his criticism—was warmly received by other teachers. The argument against co-education has not often been stated more powerfully than it was by the President of Clark University. Mr. Hall is one of those who are seriously concerned about the preservation of the race. He believes that co-education, by working disillusion, through familiarity between the sexes, weakens the motive for marriage. Holding, as he does, that the unmarried are to be classed with tax-dodgers and stay-at-homes in time of war he cannot uphold a system which he thinks encourages them. President Hall believes that all institutions of the nation, the schools among them, should push all distinction to the utmost. He hates to see girls with the ideals of men; education should make them more womanly and men more manly. He thinks that nothing could be worse than a female sex without a female character. In schools with men, women lose, he thinks much of womanly grace and delicacy; are overimpressed with the intellectual, and engrossed unnaturally in brain work, often carried to an excess that unfits the victims for the supreme functions of womanhood. These were the grounds on which a scientist and student of education, of the very highest repute, based his objection to the association of young men and women in school. The point of his argument is that co-educational schools tend to bring the sexes nearer together in character, whereas wisdom dictates that the distinction between them should be guarded, and the nature of each recognized and separately dealt

with. Co-education may be cheap; it may seem to be more certain of technical perfection. But nature is against it, and larger considerations going to the very foundations of social order, justify the suspicion of it which is rapidly growing.

The Day of Days. THE Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas are all very well in their way with our little folks, but, after all, every thing considered there is no day that holds with them the proud pre-eminence of "Fair Day." Its delights are discussed and it is anticipated and planned for, a whole year in advance. We have often wondered what would happen if Secretary Margerum should ever withhold his invitation or if Jupiter Pluvius should take charge of the weather conditions upon the Friday that is always ours. Secretary Margerum will never fail in his part. His pass is always in the Superintendent's pocket long before the last exhibit is in place. It has gotten to be one of his religious duties, and we would as soon expect to see the Secretary forget to exercise his elective franchise, when a Governor is to be chosen, as to forget his little friends on Hamilton Ave. But the weather! ah! there will be the trouble one of these days. Old Probability predicted a few dire things, this year, but when all those little noses were flattened against the window-panes, and all those little scintillating eyes peered out into the grey dawn of the morning of the 2nd, it was to see as pretty a day as ever broke. There was one great big sigh of relief, and everybody turned to the work of preparation. The Banker with his canvas-bag of small coins was up to his eyes in business during the breakfast hour, and when Brother Hughes appeared at the door with that great hay-wagon of his, with its bottom full of straw, everybody was in readiness. And, by the way, this wagon added greatly to the pleasure of the day. It was so jolly to go and come in our own "coach and four." By ten o'clock every soul was within the grounds and the fun became fast and furious. As in times gone, everything was thrown wide open to our party. The double-headed calf, the Wild Man, Bostock's Trained Animals, The Aztecs, The Happy Family, the Merry-go-round, and innumerable other attractions were ours without money and without price." The collections of poultry and domestic animals, of fruits and vegetables, of embroideries, needle work and art, were all of the finest, and it being the last day of the exhibition, the children were given a great many things to eat and to carry home as mementoes of the occasion. To crown all, at one o'clock, Mr. Maregum ushered one and all into the Grand Stand, where the very best of seats were reserved for them, and where they were treated to a performance five hours in length, a performance that probably was never excelled at any modern fair. Our carriage was promptly at the entrance at five, and by seven, the last tired child had been lifted from the wagon, at our school, and the Great Inter-State Fair was a thing of the past. No, not a thing of the past, for it will linger in the memories of our little ones as long as they live.

While full of enjoyment, the fair was not by any means fruitless, educationally. On the contrary, it was a most profitable day to all in every way and there will be few days during the term when our average pupil will learn more of language, more of natural history, more of botany, more of horticulture or more of human nature.

School and City

High winds.

Leaves a flying.

The winter at hand.

There was never a fair like the last.

"Home-sickness" is a word unknown to our dictionary this fall.

Our swing is never empty.

Every seat in the dining hall is occupied.

Willie Stocker has become quite an expert bag-puncher.

The boys are all kicking about the absence of football.

We have very little use for our infirmary, there being no infirm.

Lily Shaw and Sadie Harway spend much of their leisure in embroiderying.

The boys have entered upon their basketball season with the keenest interest.

Milton Wymbs is quite an artist and he delights especially to draw engines and balloons.

A half dozen new learners will soon begin to make Mr. Porter's life not worth living.

Paul Reed has an empty pocket-book which he displays on every occasion. Can he mean it as a hint?

There's a prefect rain of leaves these days, and much of Mr. Newcomb's time is taken up in clearing our lawns.

If Mr. Hughes' hay wagon were brother Dowie's chariot, it could not give more pleasure to our pupils.

Valie Gunn can play several pretty little airs on the piano, and often drops into the parlor to practice.

"Current Event" morning has become very popular, and a pupils has to be considerably under the weather to miss it.

Pugliese is becoming accustomed to the duties of a monitor, and can be seen daily looking after the welfare of our little tots.

Lily Stasset and Charles Mohn have been assigned to places in Miss Vail's class, and both are trying hard to "keep up."

A few days ago, Master Dunn tried to imitate the trained seals he saw at the fair, by catching a football on the end of his nose.

In the examinations on Chapel Talks, of the nine held thus far, the girls have been successful in six and the boys in three.

We have imitations, now a days, of pretty much every thing at the fair, except the balloon ascensions. We have no balloon.

The set of closets on the third floor of the main building, made by Wm. Flannery, stamp William as a carpenter of no common abilities.

Miss Ethel Collins, a recent graduate, spent several days in Trenton during the past month, and often dropped in to see us while in town.

The classes in athletics have not begun work in the gymnasium yet, the lawns affording so much better places during these magnificent days.

Master Geo. Smith is one of the kindest hearted little fellows in the world and takes an especial delight in helping those yet smaller than himself.

The yield of chestnuts by our three fine trees has not been so large as usual this year. The heavy storms of September beat off a great many before they were ripe.

Carrie Christopher has been called home by the serious illness of her mother. We trust that her enforced absence may be brief, and that she may soon be back with us.

Our last re-union was a most enjoyable one. Mr. Sharp has taught the children a new Chautauqua march. It is easily learned and has become an universal favorite.

Forty or fifty new books have been placed upon our shelves during the month, and an hundred or more have been taken from the main library to the children's reading-rooms.

A new indoor baseball game has been introduced by Mr. Miller. A large rubber ball is used and the foot takes the place of the bat, the ball being rolled along the floor to the batter.

Lilian Vickery has started with the intention of being the best lip-reader in the State and Lilian will come pretty near attaining her ambition, judging from the beginning she has made.

The arrival of a box is a momentous occasion to all the juveniles, and there is always a scamper to ascertain the name on the cover. Then there's a happy soul taking it to its closet and a grand chorus of O, pshaw's!

Minnie Simons, one of our new arrivals, is a young lady of eighteen, but had never spent a day at school until the third of Oct. She already appreciates the importance of an education and is working assiduously to attain one.

Charley McLaughlin, our efficient engineer, says he would just like to have an automobile about, and says, if we had, he would be glad to give a part of his "off time" to keeping it in order.

On her return from home, Lily Hamilton brought Mr. Walker a luxuriant bunch of cranberry vines filled with cranberries. To those of our pupils, who had never seen cranberries growing, they were a great curiosity.

Miss Slava Snyder, of Ohio, was a recent visitor. She spent a whole day in the various departments, dining with Mrs. Porter, who is an old acquaintance. Miss Snyder expects to remain East for some time, if not permanently.

One of the beautiful litter of puppies pictured in an issue of last year has "grown to manhood" and is now the property of Master Harry Hearnen. It is as beautiful a fox terrier as you will see in a day's walk, and is an universal favorite among the children.

Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manilla, passed within a block of our school, the evening of the 21st., and, after study hour, the pupils all stepped out to see him. They could scarcely believe that the genial, pleasant face was that of the man who directed the victorious squadron during one of the fiercest naval engagements of modern times.

Miss Minnie Brickwedel is our last arrival. She is a demure little German maiden from Hoboken, who is wedded to her doll and who appears to be supremely at home amidst her new surroundings. She takes the last bed and the last seat in the dining room, and we scarce know where to turn for accomodation, when the next one arrives.

NOTES FROM THE CARPENTER SHOP.

The carpenter boys have the new wardrobes for the boys side nearly completed. They will soon have them ready for Mr. Newcomb to paint.

Dewitt Staats has finished a stool in the carpenter shop. It is so well made that it is to be used as a Sloyd model.

Charles Quigley is carving a mahogany panel for which he copied the design from "Big Ben" in the main hall.

Willie Heddon has completed the course in preliminary Sloyd.

Basketball News.

The basket ball fever has taken a strong hold of the boys.

The first and second teams have played two games—the first winning both games with the scores of 55 to 11 and 42 to 13.

The passing of Capt. Pugliese's team is far better than the first team, but a little more practice at shooting is needed.

Roy Townsend, William Flannery and William Henry are new at the game. They showed up well in games played so far.

Henry Hester and Carmine Pace had a treat Saturday night. They went with Mr. Miller to see the Trenton nationals play the Big Five of New York. Several fine points of the game were seen and the boys will use them when they play.

Look out for Kelly!

Herbst takes his "bumps" and says nothing.

In the last game Townsend got the games mixed. A slide for home does not belong in a basket ball game, Roy.

Health Talk.

E. L. M.

WHAT BALL GAMES DO FOR OUR HEALTH.

AMONG the outdoor sports, none enjoy the popularity or lasting interest of baseball. In various modified forms the game of hitting a ball with a stick is universal. Baseball, cricket, golf and hockey, are some of the most popular games in which a ball and a stick or bat are used. Evidently the instincts of the human animal guided it to this diversion for very good and sufficient reasons, some of which appear at a glance.

In the first place, no game invented by man uses so evenly the muscular and nervous powers of the players. The rougher sports, such as wrestling, boxing, basketball and football, make more vigorous demands upon endurance, and call into play certain muscles more violently than others. In all of them, the spirit of diversion, pure, pleasurable sport, is subservient to strenuous effort for mastery. Hence your wrestler, your boxer, your basketball and football player should not eat immediately before entering any contests. If he does, a false and weakening digestion is induced, which robs him of the so highly essential vigor and virility.

In ball games there is no such danger, the muscular action called for is purely such as mildly stimulates the bodily functions, and there is no exhausting demand for intense and prolonged application of either muscular or nervous vigor.

Aside from the fact that there is so little danger of exhaustion, a prime feature of these games is the necessity for out of door contests. This, coupled with the movements used, give the greatest tonic influences to the internal organs and lung power.

The act of striking the ball, either thrown at the batter, or a golf ball on the ground, uses the abdominal muscles and lungs, make the influence of the exertion used in striking the ball the very best, and the air is more completely expelled from the lung cells than would occur in a week of ordinary breathing. Wherever, the swing of the body, lift of the arms and twist of neck, are such as to more completely exercise pleasantly the muscles of the body above the waist-line than any other form of games, and it is all done unconsciously.

You play golf, cricket and base-ball for an hour or two you have not noticed the passing time nor over drawn on your reserve forces. Just the reverse, your body is aglow, a slight perspiration covers it, your respirations are long and deep, and the heart action normal and vigorous. You are aware of a splendid appetite and feel the blood rushing through your body.

A ball game benefits the spectators as well as the players. They are out of doors getting their lungs filled with fresh, pure air, which drives out the dust which gets into the lungs in the house and shops.

THE SILENT WORKER.

State News.

East Orange.—Mr. Thomas A. Taggart, who gave a farewell party to a large number of his friends, previous to his departure for England, last month, was detained from going on account of acute Bronchitis. It is understood that Mr. Taggart and Miss Gladys May Whitney will be married in England as soon as arrangements can be perfected and that they will tour the continent with the bride's parents for a year. Upon their return from Europe they expect to settle down in Morristown, this State.

Trenton.—Miss Mary Somers, who graduated from the New Jersey School last June, is working for a family in this city as a domestic.

The Inter-State Fair in this city attracted quite a large number of deaf people. Among them were the Misses Lizzie Weeks, of Bergensfield; Miss Ethel Collins, of Barnegat, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Salter, of Philadelphia; George Rigg, of Burlington and Ralph Winders, the only deaf-mute giant in New Jersey.

Burlington.—Harry Rigg during the day time works in a harness shop in Philadelphia, but in the evenings he carries on a small business of his own in the same line at his home. He seems to be prospering.

Newark.—John Brady fell from a wagon on Mercer near Menses street, Saturday night the 3dult., and sustained a severe scalp wound. He was removed to the City Hospital.

Millville.—Miss Carrie Aspinwall, one of New Jersey's most charming girls, expects to change her name before long.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's Silver Wedding.

One of the most brilliant functions that ever took place among the deaf of Trenton, N. J., transpired on the 24th of this month. It was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of our well known and highly esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland B. Lloyd, at their cozy home, by their numerous friends, who gathered from every point of the compass. Many of them came from New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Under the skillful management of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, assisted by Mrs. R. C. Stephenson, the event was planned and carried out as a surprise to the happy couple. It was a grand success in every detail, and as such it will be long cherished in the memories of the participants.

Mr. Lloyd's modesty and sense of delicacy forbade him to take the initiative to celebrate his anniversary on a large scale. He contemplated inviting a few intimate friends in his immediate neighborhood to spend an evening with him in a quiet way.

In social life he was always reticent, preferring staying at home with his family to taking part in great affairs with all their glare and noise. But he was always such an earnest, industrious and successful teacher of the deaf and such a sincere friend of the deaf in deed rather than in words, that his worth was appreciated every where. It was no wonder, then, that he made numerous friends who were only too glad to demonstrate their admiration in a fitting manner, when the opportunity should present itself, regardless of the heavy expense of time, money and trouble, to be incurred.

The gathering was remarkable for its personnel, as the list of guests below will attest. The presents they received were tasteful and useful, having been carefully selected by a committee of two. They consist of a complete dinner set, a berry spoon, salad fork and spoon and a set of spoons all of solid silver. Other individual presents were a solid silver candelabra from Mr. and Mrs. Loew and a silver jelly spoon and dish from Mrs. H. W. Syle.

Much credit is due Mr. Isaac Golland, Jr., for zest in making the event pleasant. He contributed beautiful souvenir programmes.

Among those who contributed towards the presents and were in attendance were:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. Henry J. Haight, Miss Myra L. Barrager, Mr. A. L. Pach, Mr. C. J. LeClercq and Mr. Isaac Golland, of New York city; Mr. Albert Ballin, of Pearl River, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Salter, Mrs. H. W. Syle and Miss Adelaide Postel, of Philadelphia; Mr. David Simmons of Rahway; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carty, of Florence; Mr. John P. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac R. Bowker, Miss Grace Apgar, Miss L. Geiger, Mr. George Wainwright, William Bennison, and Frances Purcell of Trenton.

Among those who contributed toward the presents but did not attend were Mr. and Mrs. Weston Jenkins, of Talladega, Ala.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Currier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryan, and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thompson, of New York city, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Thomas, of Newark. Telegrams and letters of congratulations and regrets were received from those who were unable to attend.

The presentation speech was made by Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* and one of the best known deaf men in the country. Prof. Lloyd responded feelingly and humorously (for it was evident that he, as well as his better half, were feeling very good), after which the dining room, where the presents were concealed from view, was thrown open and all were invited to take a good look at the presents. Refreshments were then served, which consisted of salads, sandwiches, ice cream, fruit and coffee.

All were in the best of spirits and stories were exchanged which scintillated with wit and humor until the party dispersed, after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd many more happy years of wedded life.

A number of out-of-town guests staid over night, Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Porter each taking as many as they could accommodate. The next day a party was formed and through Superintendent Walker's influence were courteously received and shown through the State prison. The same party was also very courteously received by Superintendent John P. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were also tendered a surprise the previous evening by a large number of her relatives.

ALBERT VICTOR BALLIN.

Lancaster, Pa.

HOW short this past summer has seemed! And yet how many happy, happy hours it has numbered in its fleeting. Every day we realize the truth that one need not go very far from home during the hottest of summer days to find coolness, rest and pleasure. On the first Sunday in September a gay party left Lancaster and hastened by trolley and by carriage to the ancient village of Ephrata, where those of the number who loved antique furniture, houses or books, hoped to gratify it by a visit to the famous Cloister of Ephrata. Nor were we in any way disappointed! The party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. H. Heyman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Purvis of Lunscher, and the Misses Downey and Stetser, of Lancaster, were received and entertained right royally by Brother Palfuss, a Trustee of the Seven Day Baptists, who now resides in and takes care of the old Cloister and its almost invaluable contents. The buildings themselves which were erected about the time little George Washington was experimenting with his famous hatchet, was long and low. The windows are set up close under the eaves and the panes of glass which fill the sashes are less than five inches square. We were shown printing-press and spinning wheel, beds, chairs and various cooking utensils that would set a collector of antiquities mad with envy. Dishes, spoons, bowls and pottery that were made and burned in the oven erected on the premises, and an hour glass that two hundred years ago told the passing of the hour. During the war, the Cloister was used as a refuge and hospital for wounded or hunted soldiers. It was founded by one Peter Miller, whose name will long live in the annals of the country, not only for the help he gave the

suffering followers of Washington, but for his peaceable, forgiving nature. It is said of him that a man who lived near by took an undying hatred to him and on every occasion this man delighted to insult and abuse Peter Miller. But Miller took no notice of his enemy until one day he heard that the man had been arrested as a spy and a traitor to his country and to Gen. Washington. Hearing that his enemy had been sentenced by Washington to be shot as a spy, Miller left his Cloister home in Ephrata and walked all the weary distance from there to Valley Forge where he sought Washington and begged him to pardon the condemned man. "I cannot spare your friend," said Washington, he has betrayed us to the enemy." "General," said Peter Miller, "he is not my friend, but my most bitter enemy." Washington was touched with the Christian spirit of Miller and gave him a signed pardon. With this pardon in his pocket Miller trudged back to Chester where the condemned man was imprisoned and reached there just at sunrise when the soldiers were about to fire the fatal shot. Giving them Washington's signed pardon, Miller took his enemy's hand and led him away.

The above story and many others connected with the former life at the Cloister interested us all greatly and we deemed our day indeed well spent. The Seven Day Baptists have erected a magnificent monument of polished granite, 59 feet in height, on the old burial ground connected with the Cloister. This monument, which cost over seven thousand dollars, is to the memory of the heroes who fell in defense of their country's liberty and is a magnificent piece of work. It is guarded by a handsome concrete pavement at each corner of which stands a large cannon and a pile of cannon balls. The graveyard itself is highly interesting, some of the stones being so old that no one can make out the dates and the inscriptions on some are so quaint they bring smiles almost unconsciously to one's face. Before leaving Ephrata for home we called on Dr. and Mrs. Lightner, where we had a fine time looking over European photographs, etc., after which we came home feeling that we had gained more real pleasure and knowledge of local history that we could have done by spending a week at any of the "summer resorts."

Mr. and Mr. Heyman, of New York, who board ed a part of the summer at pretty "Archdale Farm," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, returned to their own home September 19th, much to the regret of those who enjoyed their stay there.

Rev. F. C. Snelau held his regular monthly service for the deaf here on the 4th of October.

As the old Parish House has been torn down to make way for a beautiful new house, the Reverend gentleman can only hold one service at present, as the congregation of St. James use the church for their own services regularly.

In August, Katie Steter met with an accident that proved both serious and painful. Falling down the stairs at her boarding house she dislocated her ankle severely making it necessary to remain a prisoner for three long and weary weeks.

The deaf of Lancaster are again trying to think of some plan to raise money to replenish the treasury of the Guild, and a project is now on foot that, if successfully engineered, may have good results.

Our Irish cook Biddy McCloud is a never-failing source of fun to us. The other morning she was holding forth about the "old country" and said she, "O, man, if oI live so long oI hope to be buried in the old country." On another occasion telling of her emigration to America she said "Me mither died of starvation in poor old Orieland and that's why she came to Americky and brough us all along, shure mum."

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Albright went to Columbia, the paradise of shad and other smaller fish, on Saturday, to angle. But whether they caught any thing or not has not yet transpired.

The Young Women's Christian Association has opened its Winter Classes and begun to prepare for its winter work. We should be glad to see more of the deaf take advantage for its fine library and reading room. The membership fee is very small, and worth many times the price in the value of the reading table alone.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

A DEAF-MUTE BARONET.

A MOST interesting personality is Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn, third baronet of Arnwick, in the county of Lancaster, the only bearer of a hereditary title who is deaf and dumb. The philanthropic work which he is doing for those who are afflicted in a similar manner, no less than his own intelligence and handsome appearance, makes him distinctly a man of note.

Educated at Rugby and afterwards by private tuition, he has shown much courage in lessening, by travel and study, the heavy handicap which is his. A carefully and well-dressed man, with a certain penchant for tasteful ties, he is the last to give you an impression of sadness, having always a cheery look of his own, which as often as not he imparts to visitors.

There is little of the globe that Sir Arthur has not seen; travel is one of his delights, and he has wandered through Russia, Greece and Iceland; Spain, Portugal and Denmark; Norway, Sweden and Germany, to say nothing of the countries nearer at hand—France, Belgium and Holland. He has also visited the United States of America, and the results of his wanderings are not only a quantity of curiosities in the way of art and bric-a-brac, but an intimate personal knowledge of the various institutions in other lands which grapple with that subject so distinctly at home to him—the education of the deaf and dumb.

A HISTORIC TREASURE.

Concerning the things which Sir Arthur Fairbairn has picked up from foreign lands, he proudly shows you a lock of the great Napoleons hair. This valuable find is artistically framed and contains at the back three autograph letters which establish its authenticity. The lot was acquired by Sir Arthur in a mean street in Paris for six louis. And it is one of the most peculiar of paradoxes that it stands near an exquisite tea service, each piece marked with the imperial cipher and crown, the present of the third Napoleon to Sir Arthur's father with hard by a splendid vase, the present of the Emperor William, who with the Man of Iron by his side, avenged with Marshall Tramp in an insatiate onslaught the havoc and humiliation meted out to his Fatherland by the man whose tress of hair lies before you.

Sir Arthur's rooms are rich in interesting mementos of other and more peaceful epochs. No man did more to promote the peaceful rivalry of trade and international commerce than did Sir Arthur's father, who was chairman of the great Manchester Exhibition of 1865, and of the International Exhibition, which took place in London in the year 1862. There are presentations from most of the great European royalties, fine vases and pictures from the Emperor of Austria, and there is quite a choice of snuff boxes and china of beautiful color and design.

A personal exhibit at the international Exhibition was one of the scriptural triumphs of Thomas Wontner. It represents Sir Arthur and his sister in childhood. The group is arranged and clothed in classic design, and adds pathos to a most poetic masterpiece that the girl, as well as the boy, has never heard the sound of human speech, and has been from birth incapable of audible response to all she so readily feels of the joy of things beautiful and gratitude for the affection which is hers.

A BUSY LIFE HIS.

The deaf and dumb baronet has his hands full just at present, for, besides his annual tours of inspection to institutions situated in a number of towns, such as Southampton, Portsmouth and Margate, he is a vice president of the Charitable and Provident Society (for granting pensions to the aged and infirm); a member of the committee of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, to say nothing of being president of the London Deaf and Dumb Cricket and Foot-ball Club, at whose dinners, given annually at the Holborn Restaurant, he has frequently presided. He shows you a picture of these entertainments. The chairman is on his legs making a speech; his hands are in rapid motion, and the upturned faces of some hundreds of swallow-tail coated guests are regarding him with a look of interest and pleasure, which make it difficult to believe that these

energetic batters and bowlers have been absolutely deaf to every voice and sound of nature from their birth. Sir Arthur is a strong advocate for manual rather than for oral instruction, and is thus at variance with the London school board authorities on the subject. He admits, however, that a little of both would be fair play.

Sir Arthur Fairbairn is a keen sports-man, being a follower of hounds, an angler, a cyclist and a fairly good shot. Yet it is but little time that he now has for any recreations of that sort, for the correspondence with devolves on him, in connection with so many charitable and philanthropic efforts, is considerable, and he is pleased to tell you that his work has been considerably gladdened by the knowledge that, as people more and more realize how many sufferers of the sort there are in the kingdom, the public is becoming perceptibly more alert to help those who are so handicapped in helping themselves.—*The North American.*

FAITH IN HIS DREAM RESTORED HIS HEARING.

A dispatch from Elkhart, Ind., under date of August 22d says: A remarkable case came to light when Valentine Marx, a farmer, residing five miles west of Elkhart, came to town and greeted his many friends in an ordinary tone of voice, something he had not been able to do for over four years, as he suddenly lost the power to speak above a whisper on June 4, 1899.

He explained the sudden restoration of his voice by a practitioner of Mishawaka, and further that he had been led to submit to the operation by a dream he had two weeks before.

His dream told him that a bleeding would restore his voice and acted upon the idea, with satisfactory results. So vivid were the details of the dream that he was greatly impressed with it and determined to try the experiment. He accordingly went to Dr. Greene and stated his errand. The doctor ridiculed the idea and at first refused to perform the operation, but Marx was insistent and at last the surgeon acquiesced, though assuring Marx that he had little blood to lose.

The incision was made in the right arm, just above the elbow, and at first the blood flowed slowly, being a dark-colored fluid, which the doctor flippantly declared was "not blood, but mud." Finally, after about a pint had slowly dripped from the wound, the red arterial fluid appeared and Marx told him to close the wound, which was done. Antiseptically treating the wound, the doctor sent Marx home with the injunction to take care not to catch cold, and thus he did not attempt to leave his farm until to-day. Marx's voice is as loud now as any person usually speaks in conversation, and much louder than he was capable of speaking before the operation.

He was wounded in the battle of Stone River, being a member of Company I, Ninth Indiana, and still carries the ball in his right lung. He says he has been told by physicians that possibly the ball struck a nerve that affected his voice, and he was temporarily speechless fifteen years ago, his voice leaving suddenly and as suddenly returning, but in this instance he lays his relief to his following the suggestion of his vision.

New Brunswick, Canada.

It is reported in the *Wesleyan*, Halifax, that Premier Tweedie and Dr. Inch will visit Halifax and make arrangements for the admission of the deaf and dumb of New Brunswick into the Halifax school.

Master Chester Brown, of St. John, was secured from the juniors by the Mohawks the best hockey club in St. John as their goal keeper last winter. The Mohawks were one of the clubs of the Eastern Hockey League.

Chester knows tricks in hockey playing. He first went to the Mackay Institution, Montreal, and was graduated from the Halifax Institution. His father is a wholesale tea merchant of St. John and Halifax. Chester is engaged to the pretty deaf eldest daughter of a methodist minister of the N. B. Conference. He works at Flew Wellings Engraving office. This boy of 20 is becoming the ping-pong champion of New Brunswick, he says he has not lost a single match game yet.

Michigan, U. S., and Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. A. W. Gustin, of Forest, Ont., received word from her husband lately that his harvest work at Brandon, Manitoba, was interrupted for a time by the unexpected early snow, which was enough to make good sleighing last month.

Dr. Ouronhyateka, of Toronto, Ont., the High Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, made Detroit a fraternal visit recently, which aroused my interest on account of the honor I received in getting a hand shake from him, on the occasion of his first visit to Belleville School thirty-two years ago. At that time I learned of his acquaintance with my father, then of Stratford, Ont., who was subsequently buried in Wisconsin twenty years later. I am informed that the worthy doctor is here occasionally on a similar visit. Your readers with perceive by the name that he belongs to the red skin race. He received his education in England at the expense of King Edward VII., who took a fancy to him during his tour in Ontario, in 1860, under the title of the Prince of Wales who also made this republic an extensive visit as Baron Renfrew.

The *Independent Odd Fellows*, published in Toronto, Ont., in its September number referred to Mr. John Gibson, now of this city, brother-in-law of the writer, as the oldest past Grand Patriarch now living, and one of the founders of the order in 1869. He was its Grand Master in 1871-2 and made me a brotherly visit twice in the meantime at the Belleville school and again in 1874 when Grand Patriarch. He was also Grand representative on several occasions and represented Ontario in several states as far as St. Paul, Minn.; westward, Washington, D. C., southward, and Providence, R. I., eastward.

He viewed the Blue Room at the White House, where Miss Nellie Grant was married to the late Mr. Sartoris, of England. Mrs. Gibson, through his mother, is second cousin of Messrs. Wm. and Robert Pinkerton, of Chicago and New York, who both follow in the steps of their father, a great and famous detective of Chicago, whose sensational works in the criminal annals are well known.

Mr. R. D. Coleman, of the teaching staff of the Belleville school, was in Sarmia, Ont., just across from here, to take charge of some pupils going to the school. He has been connected with the school for thirty-three years already and was five years a teacher at the mute school, then located in Raleigh, N. C., before coming to Canada, and was a confederate soldier.

Although the Michigan school at Flint has over four hundred pupils, this city furnishes only three—all young ladies—namely: Misses Mary and Kate Showers and Myrtha Wright.

WILLIE KAY.

PORT HURON, MICH.

ALBERT BERG STILL DEAF.

Albert Berg, the mute of this city who went to Marion Monday to be treated by Dr. Forrest for deafness by the doctor's newly discovered "ultraviolet rays," sends back word that the treatment was unavailing and that, after two applications of the rays, he was obliged to go to a Michigan summer resort to recuperate. He states that he has no confidence whatever in the method, and he even doubts its permanent efficacy in cases of deafness which are supposed to be only temporary. R. O. Johnson, superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, was seen last evening, and he, too, states that he has no confidence in the treatment. Mr. Berg is a teacher at the Deaf and Dumb Institute and for thirty-one years he has been deaf, a resultant effect of brain fever. Hearing of the discovery of the Marion physician, he decided to go there at once and give the treatment a thorough test. From the first he had no faith in the method, but, like the drowning man, he grasped at a straw and, as his message states, he sank. The first treatment was given by Dr. Forrest Monday afternoon, without any apparent relief. On Tuesday another and longer application of the rays of the Finsen light was made, but at the end of the treatment Mr. Berg could hear no more than that since deafness began.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THE SILENT WORKER.

All Sorts.

It is said that Miss Emma Snow, of Neosho Falls, Kansas, can play the piano very well although she is totally deaf.

A deaf lady, Madame Rigolet, has received a silver medal for thirty years' excellent work in connection with one of the largest trading establishments in France.—*British Deaf Monthly*.

The Deaf American is responsible for the statement that the ticket agent at the Kittanburg, Pa., station on the Pennsylvania Railroad is a deaf man. He has held the position for fourteen years.

Mr. Zell, a deaf art instructor at the Ohio School, has spent his vacation in a profitable way by going to Holland where he studied with the summer sketching class conducted by a New York artist.

The adult deaf of Sweden, as in other countries, communicate among themselves chiefly by signs and the manual alphabet, although most of them have been educated orally. Some Pure Oral graduates now use sign and finger-spelling only. The adult deaf in general favour the Combined System.

Some one has sent us a copy of *The Church Messenger*, the official organ of the Bishop of California. We notice that the printing comes from the office of W. V. Lewis, a deaf printer of Los Angeles, Cal. If the copy before us is a fair specimen of the average work emanating from his office. Mr. Lewis must be a printer of high order.

Rogers Peet & Company's deaf-mutes salesman is sending out the following "hint" to his many customers:

DEAR SIR:—May I drop a hint? The newest things in Fall suits are ready; in Fall overcoats, hats and shoes for man and boy. So am I—ready to serve you always.

Very truly,
A. LINCOLN THOMAS.

A Russian psychologist, M. de Manaceine, has published a curious book called "Dreamland." In one chapter he deals with the dreams of the deaf and dumb. He says he has noticed that if deafness occurs before they are five years old they forget what they have learned of spoken words; those words never being remembered in their dreams. After that age, if the intelligence is well developed, they easily retain the knowledge of spoken words, and dream of hearing voices.—*British Deaf Monthly*.

The board of trustees of the Institution met in regular monthly session last Wednesday afternoon. All the members were present. It was decided to add a cooking school to our industrial training department. The school is now partly fitted up, and Superintendent Jones was authorized to employ a teacher. The school will be located in the northeast corner room on the basement floor of the school building and will begin work about the middle of October.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

The deaf of Tennessee are considering the advisability of establishing a Home for the aged and infirm deaf of that State as a memorial to the late Rev. Job Turner. The deaf of Tennessee are proverbially liberal, as the support given to the school of Mrs. Mills, at Chefoo, China, witness, but a Home is a big project and we have an idea that in Tennessee the conditions hardly call for such an establishment. It may be a good thing however to begin the collection of a fund now against the day when such an institution may be needed.—*Kentucky Standard*.

The Kelly Messenger made its first appearance, in Sept. 1895, and we have issued eight full volumes. In it will be found a weekly record of the school and it served to link the school and its interest, and at least the homes from which our children came. We have often said that we claimed no great pretense in the journalistic field, but asked kind consideration of the effort. We have

long wished for a name that would carry our identity with it, and have finally rechristened our school paper, and hereafter it will be known as *The Deaf Carolinian*. *The Kelly Messenger* made friends. We trust its friends may continue with *The Deaf Carolinian*. We will send two issues to each home, and if parents or friends take enough interest in it to subscribe to it, it will be sent during the school year. We would be glad to have brief accounts of what our former pupils are doing.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

Moses McDonald, of Frankfort, a pupil here for several years past, was run over in September by a northbound train on the Cincinnati Southern road near High Bridge and killed. He had returned to school only the day before and seemed well contented up to the time he disappeared. Having spent eight years in school in the course of which he had always been happy and contented no one dreamed that he would take the rash step he did, but in a fit of homesickness he decided to return to Frankfort and came to his death as stated. The news was a great shock to every one here. He was not a bright boy but much had been done for him during his school course with us, and his death has cast a gloom over an otherwise happy reunion of schoolmates and teachers. Mr. Robinson accompanied the remains to Frankfort.—*Kentucky Standard*.

In the museum at Rouen there is a statue of a little drummer boy, whose striking pose and fine execution attract universal attention. This statue has for its sculptor a French deaf-mute and chevalier of the Legion of Honor, M. Felix Martin.

Progressive little Japan now has three schools for the deaf with an attendance of three hundred and fifty pupils. According to the last census there are 4681 deaf of school age in Japan.

According to the last Belgian census there are 1439 deaf of school age in that country. The total attendance in the various schools is 926, the number of teachers employed being 139, or about one teacher for every seven pupils.

The deaf-mute lottery club, "Horseshoe" of Berlin recently gave a theatrical and dance for the benefit of the society for the aid of the indigent deaf of that city. A handsome amount was realized.—*Wisconsin Times*.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S ATTRACTIONS.

The success achieved by F. F. Proctor since his entry into Montreal as a theatrical manager is a source of surprise to most Americans, who for many years have had a strong suspicion that "Yankees" were not particularly welcome as theatrical *entrepreneurs* on the other side of the border line. Mr. Proctor's energetic and progressive methods of advertising, his liberality in putting forward good shows at low prices, and his well known ability to do business along sound commercial lines, all combined to at first surprise, then delight the Canadian public. As a result, his theatre in Montreal—the handsomest and the largest in the Dominion, by the way—has now firmly established itself in the favor of the Canadian public. In fact, "Proctor's" is as much a household word "across the line" as it is in these parts.

The East Side of New York has a new combination house this season, and one that bids fair to surpass in popularity any theatre of the kind in the entire metropolis. It is Mr. Proctor's big, handsome playhouse in Fifty-eighth Street. In point of comfort, luxurious fittings, artistic decorations and accessibility, this theatre has many points of advantage over its competitors. This season its policy was changed, and since August only the better class of popular price traveling combinations are now being played, the bill changing weekly, with low price matinees on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday. The prices range from 10 to 15 cents, the latter admitting to the gallery, which, by the way, is always jammed to the limit. Melodrama dominated in the weekly programmes, but it is always the best of melodrama.

"It is to laugh!"—is the trite saying long ago made universally popular by that quaintly clever—or shall we say cleverly quaint?—Dutch comedian, Louis Mann. The words were put in his mouth by the authors of "The Girl from Paris,"

and their apt application to the current form of stage entertainment cannot be questioned at this time. The Proctor shows, in particular, seem now-a-days to carry out the dictum of other years, for in all the Proctor programmes, whether in New York, Albany, Newark or Montreal, the spirit of laughter is omnipresent. It is a good sign, too, that the Proctor audiences prefer to laugh, rather than cry. The average theatre goer likes to leave his worries behind him when he passes through theatre portals, and the Proctor doors seldom close upon sober faces.

Manager F. F. Proctor, the theatrical magnate, is an enthusiastic automobilist, and is specially interested in making long distance runs. He is an earnest advocate, naturally, of good roads, regarding which he recently argued thus: "The matter is surely not one that concerns the man with the automobile alone, but is a question that has great import for the man with the hoe, as well. You see, the class of people that is drawn to sections of the country by the good roads there to be found, is the class of people with money to spend, and in the final analysis, whatever may be the narrow prejudice which the farmer expresses around the stove of the cross road store in winter, this is the set for which he is looking. The men who go through the countryside in the automobiles are for the most part those who have within themselves the potentialities for raising the value of real estate in any place where they may decide to purchase property, to a figure that it never saw before. But it does not require any very elaborate argument to prove the utter falsity of the claims, sometimes put forward by the opponents of good roads legislation, that it is class favoritism. It is nothing of the sort, for it will benefit us all, and the people of this section especially should look to the betterment of their highways."

TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"Speech is silver, silence golden," mantle of the un-broken, Seldom trailing on the pavement of our noisy, restless world, And I know ye are from Heaven, for to you a gift is given, The divine calm gift of stillness, as white incense round you curled.

Though no pleasant sound of voices, your lone outer life rejoices, Though ye seem in earth's great temple, noble columns incomplete, Yet ye shall be heard, the rather, by that Omnipresent Father In the muteness of the chorus rising round His Mercy Seat.

Language of the High Archangel, louder far than loud coangels, From the lips of gospel preachers, is the inner voice we hear; More harmonious than the chiming of the sweetest poet rhyming, More emphatic than the oracles of the prophet or the seer.

Over rocks and thorny bushes, swift the little runlet rushes, In obedience to the mission, and with calm and earnest ends, But the lake of folded highlands, in its patience and silence, Images the blue serene of Heaven which o'er its stillness bends.

Can Demosthenes' outthunder teachings of a higher won-der, Than the lone and grand colosseum, the dreary Theban plain? In the silence old and hoary, do they shadow forth a story Which the eloquence of ages might impress on us in vain.

Wrapt in silent desolation, since the dawning of creation In the sunlight and the star-light do the Alpine sum-mits sleep, Out at sea the storm-waves wrestle with the tempest-driven vessel, But beneath them there is stillness in the great abyssal deep.

In a silent congregation all the orbs of God's creation Move in changeless epicycles round the centre of his light, All great deeds and acts are quiet, from the calm Al-mighty Fiat To the still, obedient rolling of the smallest satellite.

When beyond the resurrection, we shall rise from imperfection, With no stir of human voices shall we know the mystic change; But an inward voiceless singing and a silent voiceless winging Is the choral Alleluia when one spirit song shall range.

ANNA MATLACK RICHARDS.

Items of Interest.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD.

A Powerful Light.

The light in the lighthouse on the island of Heligoland in the North Sea is said to be the most powerful in the world. Every five seconds it flashes a light of 30,000,000 candle power over the whole horizon to a distance of twenty-five miles.

The Human Arm.

The human arm does not seem to have changed any for some 4000 years. Archaeologists have discovered on the Island of Crete statuettes which delineate to the minutest detail its muscles and surface veins and these show no variation from the arm of to day. These statuettes are believed to be 4000 years old.

The Clock Tower of Chartres.

The famous clock tower of Chartres cathedral which was built in the 12th century began to crumble some time ago, and fears were entertained that it would fall, like the Campanile of Venice. Workmen were put to work under the direction of skilled engineers and now, it is believed, the danger is averted.

The Cave-Man.

A few years ago, there were found in a cave in the chalk deposits of France, the skeletons of a man and a woman which are supposed to be the oldest skeletons yet found. The bones of the woman were found in the back part of a cave. The skull had apparently been broken by a hammer. The skeleton of the man lay across the entrance and in the bones of his hand was a big stone hammer, the weapon with which the murderer had probably been committed.

A Savings Bank on Wheels.

An automobile savings bank is the latest device of the ingenious French to encourage the peasants to invest their money instead of hiding it away about the house. The car travels about the country, making stops of an hour or so on prearranged days in different localities in the department. The passengers are two clerks of the local treasury department and a cashier. They carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms and the cashier is authorized to receive moneys.

Where They Never Kiss.

It seems hardly possible that there can be a nation in these civilized times who never kiss. Yet it is a fact that in Japan a husband when he bids good-by to his wife never kisses her, but presses her hand and bends his forehead to the mats in a sad farewell. No Jap ever courts his loved one with the kisses usually so dear to the British lover, nor does the mother ever kiss her sweet babe as she fondly presses it to her bosom. In Britain the salutation is composed of a bow, handshaking and a kiss. But the Japanese expression of regard is strictly regulated by the number and lengths of the salaams.

An Interesting Hoard.

Some workmen recently engaged in raising an enormous slab of stone in an old house in Audierne (Finistere), France, came upon over 2000 ancient coins, weighing about 120 pounds. A few of the coins are of the time of Louis XIII. The most ancient piece bears the dates 1643, and the most recent 1709. In the latter year in consequence of the terrible famine which was raging, a royal order was issued that the rich were to surrender their silver and forward it to the mint to be melted down. The king himself set the example, but certain provincial noblemen hid their fortunes, and the coins which have just been found (nearly 200 years later) are believed to have formed part of the hidden treasure.

The Passenger Pigeon.

Wild pigeons were formerly so numerous in the United States that flocks of them, flying overhead, shut out the sky from view for hours at a time. The naturalist Wilson says that as many as a billion have been seen to pass over a single course in three days. Incredibly as their numbers were twenty-five years ago, only a bare remnant now remains. So great is their speed of flight that specimens have been shot in northern New York with crops yet filled with rice taken from the savannas of the far South. As digestion is accomplished in these birds in less than twelve hours, the distance of more than a thousand miles must have been traversed in less than that brief time.

The Weight and Tenacity of Metals.

Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot, and a one-inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 36,000; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 26,000.

We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are, generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested. When equal weights of the two materials are compared, it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds; the best ash 175,000 pounds, and some hemlock 200,000 pounds.

Money No Object.

A writer, in the Boston *Transcript* gives the following account of an incident that occurred during his travels in the Hawaiian Islands: "In making a trip around of one of the smaller islands we came one day upon a veritable bit of Eden. In the backgrounds were the mountains, reaching to the clouds; about us a half dozen grass houses, each in its setting of verdure, shadowed by cocoanut palms; before us the quiet waters of the lagoon, with the white line of the barrier reef, and beyond that the indigo sea reaching to the horizon. We sat down in the shade to rest and a native came out to interview us. He was a perfect specimen of uncivilized man. In the prime of life, six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with a frank open countenance and an inch-wide lace pattern stripe tattooed in blue the whole length of each leg.

Said my guide: "Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Always lived here?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go to one of the plantations to live?"

"What for?"

"To work."

"For what?"

"To earn money."

"What do I want of money? I own my grass house. I own my vegetable patch, I own my canoe, I make my own nets and I don't wear any clothes; why should I work?"

Dreams.

A woman named Drew dreamed that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a peddler in a tavern at Gravesend, England. In the morning came the news that her husband's dead body had been discovered in the identical place where she had in her dream seen the murderer committed. When the poor wife had calmed a little, she wrote out an exact description of the peddler whom she had seen in her dream, and, saying nothing about her vision to the officers of the law, merely told them that this was the person she suspected. Two days later a man answering the description was arrested at an inn six miles from Gravesend and on being taxed with the crime confessed that he was the murderer.

In 1894 a wealthy publisher of Boston suddenly found himself to be the victim of a series of forgeries so large in amount that they threatened his credit. He set detectives to work at once, but all in vain. But one morning his little daughter Ethel, aged seven, came trotting into her father's study, saying: "Oh, papa, I had such a funny dream! I dreamed that I saw Mr. —" (mentioning a young man of twenty-seven, a great friend

of her father's) "sitting in a room at—Main street and trying to write your name." The child's dream was communicated to the police, who were at first inclined to ridicule it, but a watch was put on the proceedings of the young man in question. Evidence accumulated against him, and it was found that he had hired the room in another name at the address the child had given. The room was raided, and copies of the forged signature, and bank checks were found there.

A Curious Ruse.

Many of the thrilling stories of wolves are either grossly exaggerated or base fabrications, for ordinarily the wolf is a cowardly brute, and a bold presence and defiant aspect generally prove a sufficient defense when an unarmed man is threatened by these animals. Still, during a severe winter, when game is scarce and they are in large numbers, they won't hesitate to attack anything.

"Years ago," said a ranchman recently, "wolves were more plentiful out West than they are now, and I had an experience with a pack of the varmints which to a spectator would have appeared most ludicrous, but which to me was anything but funny, at least while it lasted. I was clearing some land not far from my cabin, when suddenly I discovered six or seven lank, hungry looking wolves were close upon me. I wanted to run, but had presence of mind enough not to do so.

"Every moment they drew closer and closer, with their dark red tongues hanging out between their gleaming teeth, while they eyed me in what I took to be a most menacing manner. All at once it occurred to me that I had heard of a boy who had driven back an angry bull out of a field by walking backwards on his hands and feet. Thinking the same ruse might work in the present case, I determined to try it.

"Down I went on all fours, with my head as near the ground as I could keep it, and began cutting all the capers I could think of. I threw my whole heart into the work, and some of the monkey shins I cut would have done credit to a professional tumbler. The wolves eyed me in wonder for a few minutes, evidently having never seen such an animal before, and in a short time they scampered off and disappeared in the woods."

Smokeless Powder.

Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the famous machine gun, in a recent talk about the possibilities of smokeless powder, said that we are not yet educated to realize the enormous revolution in future warfare caused by the invention of smokeless powder.

"Already," said he, "it has rendered obsolete between three and four millions of muskets in Europe that were made to shoot black powder, not to speak of the millions of cartridges, all of which the countries possessing them would be willing to sell for a mere song. Here is a vast sum of wasted capital, but it is the inevitable result of progress. Our army guns in this country will soon be in the obsolete category, for to keep pace with the rest of the world we will have to adopt smokeless powder, too.

"A gun loaded with it will send a bullet just twice as far as the black powder does. Again, the new invention changes military tactics entirely, for in the battles of the future troops will never display themselves *en masse* to the enemy. Open fighting, as has been customary through all the ages, is a thing of the past, for it would mean utter annihilation. If smokeless powder had been in use during the late civil strife, the war between the States wouldn't have lasted ninety days.

"A rapid firing gun doesn't begin to fire with the rapidity of a machine gun. The former is usually of one barrel, and is loaded with shells. It is a great gun for torpedo boats, but fifteen times to the minute is pretty good time for one of them. A machine gun of the Gatling type has from six to twelve barrels, and with three men to operate, practically never ceases firing, one volley succeeding another at a speed of 1,200 discharges per minute. These three men can do more killing than a whole brigade with old fashioned muskets. It is the machine gun, along with smokeless powder, that is going to make war an impossibility."

THE SILENT WORKER.

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